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tesy that we did a white person, and the Indians responded. In due time some of the Indians wanted credit until Grass Money payment time. The government paid fifty dollars twice a year to each man, woman, and child. This represented interest on tribal funds the government was holding in trust.

Carrying the Indians' accounts until Grass Money time brought on an unlooked-for complication. We had naturally supposed that when they received their pay, the Indians would return to their allotments. But the campout on the reservation of hundreds of families was too much like the old tribal life for them to return readily to their lonesome allotment camp.

They could feast, visit, gamble, and hold horse races, and those that drank were supplied by the whiskey peddlers. Then too there were many visitors from other tribes, as they knew food, beef, and whiskey would be plentiful.

To get our money we had to go to the reservation and collect while they still had it. They were pleased to see us, and they paid readily. They wanted to keep their credit good, but putting aside the necessary amount so as to pay up on their return was too much planning for them. That was especially true of the drinkers.

My first collection trip was successful and uneventful, and from then on it was my regular chore, and an interesting one. I would be gone from one to two days if the payment was held near the town of Cache, and longer when it was held near Ft. Sill at what was called "The Stone Store."

When death struck our little community, we were poorly prepared. Two women and one baby died in a single night. All the needs for a funeral were lacking—no undertaker, no caskets, no cemetery, and no preacher.

Early the next morning caskets were put together from yellow pine and brought to our store and set on sawhorses. There the townswomen covered, padded, and lined them. Black calico was used for the covering of the adult caskets, and white muslin for the baby's. Quilting cotton was used for the padding and pillow, and bleached muslin for the lining.

Handles intended for toolboxes were screwed on the sides of the adult caskets by Dad after the women had tacked the black calico in place. Permission to bury the bodies on the claim adjoining the town on the north was granted by an old German homesteader.

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many of the Indians from gambling when they had money. But as long as blackjack and three-card monte were dealt by Indians, the money remained in the tribe.

The camp-out on the reservation was dear to the older Indians' hearts. It was a reminder of the wild tribal days after the late summer buffalo hunt—the feasting, visiting, storytelling, gambling, and horse racing. There was no buffalo meat; but they had learned to eat beef, and there was plenty of money to buy it. Likewise, they could indulge in other goodies they had acquired a taste for—and the whiskey peddler came with the darkness each evening.

Mostly the visitors came from faraway tribes—people who didn't have Grass Money payments. They seemed to be old fellows, warrior age. Here, there, and yonder, you would see two old fellows squatted or sitting with their backs against blackjack trees, facing each other and visiting in the sign language. You were sure they were reriding the old war trails.

There was another string to the licensed trader's fiddle. Once an Indian failed to pay his bill to an independent trader, his credit with that merchant was gone. When out of money, he had to trade with the licensed trader. These traders' prices ran a great deal higher, and most Indians wanted to keep out of their clutches.

I got over my scare once the store's money was safe in the bank, and I rode back to the reservation. My memory is that I had seen about all of the Indians owing large accounts, and I had only the odds and ends to clean up. I never saw the marshal again that afternoon. I rode in home, eighteen miles, that night, starting after dark. Perhaps I should add that most adults with sense, large merchants from Lawton and surrounding towns, and the moneylenders set up camp in the section line outside the reservation gate. There they could catch the Indians going and coming.

Some readers may read a different meaning into the word *reservation* than I have in mind in this story. I use it here in the sense of land held back, reserved from allotment and homesteading, when the area was opened for settlement in 1901. There were three of these tracts, containing two or three sections each. One was at Fort Sill, one at Anadarko, and one just southwest of Cache. There was a licensed trading store on each tract, and the land was the property of the Indians. Reservation was the name in general use for these areas. The